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—“ Now, oh, mortal, I release thee,
Back to Earth, if thou consent ;
Take thy flight where'er it please thee :
Moments few of Earthly time upon thy journey thou hast spent,
And thy heart still feebly flutters in its soulless tenement.”—

The Seer is released.
His journey has occupied but a moment.
There is no Time in the Spirit world.

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Then, alone of refuge thinking,
At this hope of home I caught,
And my spirit, faint and shrinking,
Borne through measureless abysses, hurried backward like a thought,
And the immortal to the mortal by its own quick Will was brought.

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THE END.